

# THE DEMOCRAT

WELCH BROTHERS, Publishers.

GREAT BEND, - - - KANSAS.

## ROSES.

Once in the moonlit summer night  
So sweet the silvery silence lay  
On the rose-garden of delight,  
Where mortals thronged by day.  
Till midnight came, when each to each  
The roses breathed delicious speech.

Bald the blush rose: "A mother brought  
Her star-eyed babe, with breath of balm.  
My richest flower the cherub caught,  
It matched his rose-leaf palm.  
The love that gemmed the mother's eyes  
Was pure as dew of paradise."

The white rose said: "There came to-day  
Three little maids, a weeping band,  
And gently broke my whitest spray  
To grace a baby's hand.  
The dimpled fingers would not fold,  
And oh, that little hand was cold!"

The red rose: "Here two lovers stood,  
And culled my cups of rich perfume  
While in the maiden's cheek the blood  
Blossomed to brighter bloom.  
'Sweets to the sweet,' he said, and sighed;  
They loitered onward, side by side."

Then spoke the beautiful moss-rose:  
"An old man came and leaned by me,  
His hair was white with many snows  
His smile was good to see.  
'I hope you grow in heaven,' he said,  
'My Mary loved you. She is dead.'"  
—Mrs. McVean-Adams, in S. S. Times.

## LOUIS' EXPERIMENT.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.



UT, mamma—"What, darling?"  
"I wish you would put down that book and listen to me, fair and square."

Mrs. Fenton, like an obedient mother of the period, as she was, laid aside her reading and prepared to listen "fair and square" to the conversation of that young emperor, her son Louis. But as she supposed would be the case, Master Louis wanted only an opportunity to urge again upon her the purchase of a new bicycle, upon which he had set his determined little heart.

"I don't see why papa can't afford it, mother," Louis wound up another unsuccessful plea.

"I suppose not, Louis," said the lady, with a sigh, "or you would show your love for me by saying no more about it."

"Bill Wainwright got a new wheel yesterday, a bully one that cost ten dollars more than the one I picked out, for I'll take the cheaper one, mother, if I can't get the other," he concluded, obligingly, "and Billy Wainwright's father and mother don't live in half as nice a house as ours."

Mrs. Fenton sighed again; she was becoming used to these arguments, and found out that they required no answer.

"I just wish," Louis burst out at last, "somebody that could afford things would adopt me and be done with it."

A few days after this conversation Mrs. Fenton went up to her boy's room just after Louis had gone to bed. He was lying awake in the darkness, stretching his toes comfortably in the clean sheets and nestling under the soft down quilt with its familiar wreaths of corn flowers, thinking that, after all, life had some agreeable moments, even without a new bicycle, when he heard her enter.

"That you, mother dear? Come and kiss me," said the boy, lovingly. Precious to both of them were these moments of tender intercourse, when Louis was accustomed to make a clean breast of his offenses of the hours just past, and to indulge in sundry caresses he did not care to expose to the garish light of day.

To-night his mother knelt, as usual, beside him, and, as usual, his arms went around her neck. But, what was quite unusual, Louis felt tears flowing from her eyes upon his cheek. She had come to tell him news reserved for this moment of confidence; that the doctor had ordered his father to go away from work and care of all kind for several months to come, as the only means of avoiding an utter breakdown of Mr. Fenton's nerves and health.

"Papa go away from his office?" said Louis, in astonishment at such a possibility. "And we are to stay here without him?"

"No, dear, I must go with him, and it was arranged to-day that we sail for Genoa next Saturday. We were fortunate in finding some one who will take our house off our hands for three months if we can give possession in a week."

"And I'm to leave school and travel! Hurrah!" cried Louis, boy-like, always ready for a change of existing circumstances.

"No, dearest," said his mother, faltering. "That's what makes it doubly hard for me. You must not leave school, your father says. On no account will he hear of it."

"I'm to go to boarding school?" said Louis, sitting up in bed and rather dazzled by the prospect.

"Not even that. You are to stay on at day school, where we have every reason to be satisfied with your progress. Louis, your Aunt Maria was here to-day, and she has offered to take you into her home until we return."

"Aunt Maria?" said Louis, ignoring

his mother's emotion at the thought of giving him up. "Aunt Maria! Phew! Well, I never thought of her having a boy or girl either in her house. I say, mother, what fun to worry that little overfed brute of a pug she carries around with her. And Uncle Brewster! Here's a chance to find out whether his legs are really made of sealing wax, and to see him take little pellets with his soup."

"My dear boy, how can you? You know your poor Uncle Brewster is a martyr to indigestion, and your Aunt Maria is very easily made nervous. If you go to them—and I am sure it was very kind of them to suggest it—you will have to be so particular about noise and punctuality and all that. But it's a beautiful establishment where no money is spared, and you will have every comfort and the best of care till we come back."

"Uncle Brewster's a millionaire, isn't he?" asked Louis, meditatively. No thought had he of the yearning of the fond mother's heart over him. He was already possessed of the fascinating idea of change, and, above all, of residence under the Brewsters' imposing roof. Mrs. Fenton, who had anticipated more of a remonstrance from him, found herself presently kissing him good-night with a rather lighter heart than she had carried into his room.

And so it came to pass that on the Saturday following this talk Mr. and Mrs. Fenton sailed away from New York, leaving behind them a self-complacent young person, whose natural distaste at parting with them was soon merged into the pride of driving away from the dock, leaning back in solitary majesty on the soft leather cushions of Aunt Maria's luxurious little brougham, which had been sent to convey his parents to the steamer.

They had to cross the river in a ferryboat, and Louis sat in the carriage, feeling himself much grander than the ordinary everyday folk, who hustled each other on the deck when the boat came into the slip on the New York side.

"At last I know how it feels," he said, inwardly, "to be set up above other people, and have a footman to touch his hat to you and call you 'Sir.'"

That night when he went to bed in a room full of the luxurious fittings of the upholsterer's art, the moment Louis' head felt the pillow he forgot his grandeur and began to think of his mamma in the most natural and loving boy fashion. That she should be out on the wide ocean, steaming away from him for the first time in his life, and that months must elapse before their reunion, suddenly loomed up as a black cloud on the horizon. He thought and thought of her, and then a lump came into his throat, and he cried his lonely pillow wet.

Next day all was bright once more. He breakfasted alone in the vast dining-room, his uncle and aunt not appearing until later in the day. He allowed the footman to assist him into his coat, and walked, actually walked, down the broad front steps, with a dignity befitting his surroundings. Louis lunched at the schoolhouse, and, on returning in the afternoon to his uncle's could not resist inviting a few of his chums to accompany him, in order to have the satisfaction of displaying to them his new splendor.

When the stiff butler admitted this procession it was to look upon them with no friendly eye, and Louis began to wonder what he should do with his friends. Drawing-room, library, dining-room, all were too fine to be invaded by a pushing, shuffling, merry little mob of fellows spilling for fun and frolic; so, bidding them follow on



THERE STOOD AUNT MARIA AND UNCLE BREWSTER.

tiptoe, he led the way upstairs, past Aunt Maria's rooms, to the third story, and into his own quarters. Here the boys began at once rummaging in every corner to find amusement, and, finding none, decided to sit down.

Alas! Aunt Maria's chairs, covered with pompadour brocade, warned them away. Nothing daunted, they made a ring upon the floor and talked of school matters till hilarity waved high. Then Louis' heart began to expand, with his usual ideas of hospitality. At home he was wont to dart down to the kitchen or pantry and return laden with apples, cookies, chestnuts—whatever he could coax from his mother's maids. But the image of the starched butler, the prim footman, overcame him and he paused irresolute.

"Just you stay quiet, fellows," he said, at last. "I'll be back in a minute or so, and then look out for fun."

Letting himself out of the front door, the lad flew down the steps and along a side street till he came to an avenue where shops were found. Taking out of his pocketbook a roll of clean dollar bills, presented by his father to be used as "necessary pocket money," Louis expended part of it in a corner grocery upon such a wide variety of articles! There was, first of all, a corn popper, with several ears of popcorn; next, a brown paper parcel of pickled limes; then apples and ginger nuts, and, lastly, a pot of strawberry jam. Laden with these treasures he returned to the house, and on the steps, while ringing the lordly front doorbell, was seized with a qualm of shame at his queer appearance. The man who admitted him was fortunately a very young one, and Louis managed to get by him without sinking to earth under a sense of his own want of elegance. He tore upstairs to find the boys engaged in high jinks, tumbling upon the bed, with his lace counterpane, and making barricades of chairs to jump upon.

At home, in the well-worn old den where Louis held sway, none of these things had made any particular difference. But here he was filled with dismay for fear of consequences, and only the sight of the edibles had any effect in bringing his guests to order.

As there was no fire they had to pop the corn over Aunt Maria's esthetic gas fixture, removing (and breaking) a Venetian glass shade in order to do so, while standing upon the seat of one of the pompadour brocade chairs. But in the exhilarated state of the company



HE FLEW TO HIS MOTHER'S ARMS.

these trifles made little difference, and the boys, waxing bolder when the feast was consumed, were soon launched upon one of the familiar old rumpus that recalled recess at school.

In the midst of it, when the noise was at its height, when the bed looked like a rag fair and the floor was strewn with the wreck of furniture, the door opened! There stood Aunt Maria and Uncle Brewster, attended by two maids and three men servants, all petrified with horror and astonishment!

How his friends got away from that scene of woe Louis never knew. He remained on the hearth rug, facing the invaders, with his face as red as fire, his heart swelling with mortification. How much worse his condition presently, when Uncle Brewster, opening the door of another room across the hall, requested him to step inside of it and go to bed, remaining there until the following morning. And all this in the presence of those hateful maids and men servants, whom he knew were laughing at him in their sleeves.

This escapade was but the beginning of Louis' tribulations during his stay at the Brewster mansion. His greatest trial was to find himself continually regarded as a wild animal, who might at any moment relapse into native savagery. None of the merry sympathy with which his mother had been wont to view boyish follies ever gleamed upon his life from Aunt Maria. To Uncle Brewster he never dreamed of carrying the recital of school affairs, as to his dear, kind, mainly father. The long, elaborate meals, the dull drives in the park, the silent evenings with two selfish, fussy people began to oppress him woefully, and with all his heart he longed for the weeks to pass that detained his own loved ones from him.

At last—for everything in this world has an end—a big ocean steamer came safely into port, bringing two people as eager to claim their boy as he was to be claimed. Louis, in waiting on the dock, flew to his mother's arms, and was almost as warmly hugged by his father as by her. There again in attendance on them was Aunt Maria's brougham, into which Louis reluctantly consented to step with his parents, and allowed himself to be driven to their home.

But when the Fenton family were again inside their own doorway Louis shook his fist at the departing brougham.

"Go away, you horrid old thing, and never come back here, or anybody that belongs to you," he said, ferociously.

"Why, Louis, you ungrateful boy!" cried his mother, her voice thrilling with love and happiness.

"Never mind, mother. Let me say it only this once to relieve myself."

"The dear old home seems rather shabby, doesn't it?" she went on, looking around her fondly.

"Shabby!" shouted Louis. "I wouldn't give it for ten of Uncle Brewster's!"

And he has remained steadfast in that opinion ever since.—N. Y. Herald.

## PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.

The Utility of Safety Rods—Some Interesting Statistics.

The subject of atmospheric electricity is receiving much consideration from scientists just at present. Meteorologists have been mainly content with collecting statistics regarding the frequency and severity of thunderstorms. Our weather bureau, however, carrying out in this direction its policy of making its work of practical use to the people, has been making a careful study of methods of protection from lightning. In the bulletin No. 13 there has been given (by Mr. Alexander McAdie) a good deal of information on the subject, which will undoubtedly tend to reduce the amount of humbugging which has been going on in regard to lightning rods.

Lodge, one of the highest authorities, has said that any conductor (lightning rod) is better than none, although but few or none of them are absolute safeguards. Some form of lightning rod is essential to anything like security. Putting aside the question of the comparative cheapness of insurance against lightning, and the cost of lightning rods, we can go at once to the matter as to how much lightning rods protect. In order to do this, it is necessary to get an idea of the nature of lightning.

There exist all grades of lightning discharges, from the "steady strain," or gentle flow of the electric current, comparable to the flow of water in a river with slow current, to the "impulsive rush," or intense disruptive electrical discharges of high moment, which are comparable to an avalanche on a steep mountain side, or a great flood. Where the discharge is of the former character, lightning rods do protect, but in the latter case, even the best constructed conductors lose their efficiency just as a safety gate in a waterway would prove useless in the rush of waters of a great flood. It was such a disruptive discharge of lightning which caused the damage to the Washington monument on July 5, 1885. There are many flashes that are of an intensity which the human body can readily withstand.

Lightning rods should be either of copper tape weighing 6 ounces to the foot, or of iron rod or tape, weighing 35 ounces to the foot. The top of the rod should consist of clusters of points which have been plated to prevent corrosion or rust. The grounding of the rod should be in damp earth or running water, and independent grounds are preferable to water or gas main pipes. There is no definite area of protection depending on the height of the rod. The risk of a lightning stroke is about five times greater in the country than in the city. In fact, it is hardly necessary to place rods on the ordinary block dwelling houses of the city.

The region of greatest frequency of thunderstorms in the United States is in the southeastern portion, extending from Georgia to Mississippi, where 40 storms occur each year at the average. In the northern part of the United States not more than 20 occur, and on the New England coast but 10. The summer time is the time of greatest frequency; this occurs in May or June to the west and southwest of the Great Lakes, but the time is retarded toward the west and east of this region. The general direction of approach in the United States is from the west, but in southern Florida they approach from the east, thus following the direction of the general movement of the atmosphere.

About 200 people are killed annually by lightning in the United States. Of these casualties, usually only 1 death occurs in each of January, February, November and December. In March, 3; April, 13; May, 28; June, 77; July, 63; August, 46; September, 15, and October, 12. The annual loss by fire due to lightning strokes is estimated at \$2,500,000. Of the annual number of 575 buildings set on fire, 370 were barns, stables, and granaries, 24 churches and 131 dwellings.—N. Y. Journal.

## Silver on the Fish Scales.

The thin, silvery coating of fish scales derives its luster from many minute crystals of lime, mixed with a peculiar substance called "guanin." This coating of silver crystals is very easily rubbed off the scales, and, in the case of a European species of carp known as the "bleak," the crystals are so numerous that a metallic pigment, commercially known as "argentine," is made from them. The large globular glass beads, known as "German" or "Roman" pearls, are coated on the inside with this substance. In some species of fish with lusterless scales the silvery lining is found on the inside of the body. A well known example of this is seen in the common smelt.—N. Y. Times.

## English and American Roses.

The great difference in taste between English and American people is in no way better illustrated than in the popularity of various florists' flowers. In the rose, for instance, the long, oval-shaped is the popular form—a roundish rosebud would scarcely have sale in America. On the other hand, the large globular, or even somewhat flattened kinds, are popular in England, and what is true of the rose is true of almost all other flowers that are in use by florists. In carnations, for instance, the heavy, coarse variety known as Souvenir de la Malmaison is the popular variety in England.—Meban's Monthly.

## THE FARMER IS HAPPY!

The farmer reporting 60 bushels Winter Rye per acre; 6 tons of hay and 52 bushels of Winter Wheat has reason to be happy and praise Salzer's seeds! Now you try it for 1893 and sow now of grasses, Wheat and Rye. Catalogue and Samples free, if you write to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and send this slip along. [X]

ALBERTA—"I do wish it were not the custom to wear the engagement ring only on the third finger of one's left hand." Alethea—"So do I. I can't get more than half my engagement rings on at one time, now."—Life.

The Most Pleasant Way Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles.

"The curious thing about my business," said the mosquito, alighting softly upon the nose of the sleeping victim, "is that it's more fun to go to work than it is to stay to hum."

RHEUMATIC Pains are greatly relieved by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

AN ALIBI—"Where were you when the assault occurred?" asked the judge of the victim. "Sure 'n O' I ain't no yer honor. He hit me so hard O' I couldn't say."—Harper's Bazar.

"What must precede baptism?" asked the rector, when catechising the Sunday-school. "A baby," exclaimed a bright boy, with the air of one stating a self-evident truth.—Ex.

The pyramids themselves, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.—Fuller.

We speak of some men as all wool, probably because they shrink at nothing.—Boston Transcript.

REVISED VERSION.—Whatever a man seweth, that shall he also rip.—Yale Record.

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A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

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